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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 630. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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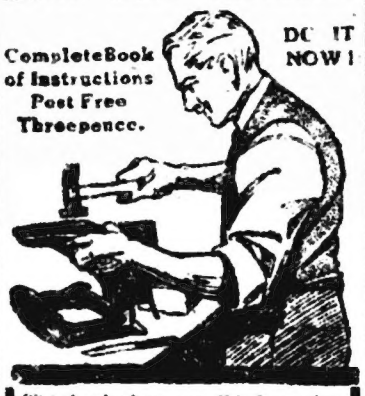

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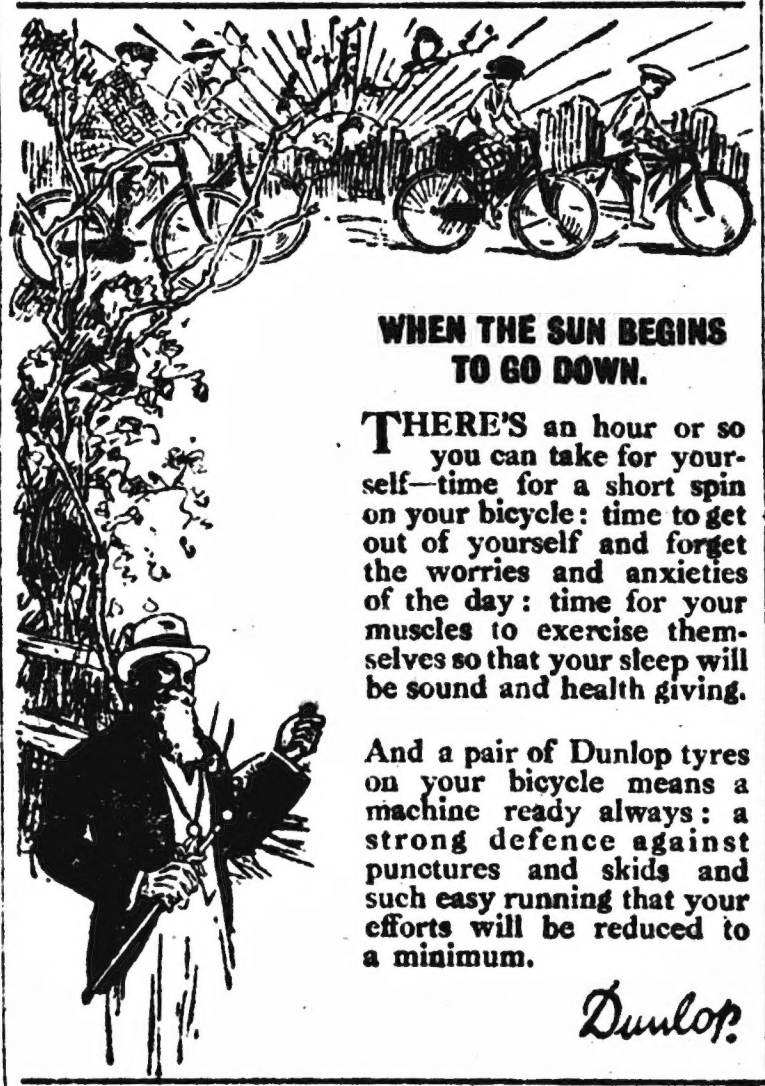

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JOHN BULL

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Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIII. No. 630. Week ending Saturday, June 29th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Ireland.

You will remember that we told you, weeks ago, that both Home Rule and Irish Conscription were dead. And now the Government admits it. But why this dishonest camouflage about the discovery of the Sinn Fein plot? The Government has come a nasty cropper over the whole business.

Labour Ministers.

It looks as though most of the Labour M.P.s who have accepted office will be opposed by their Unions at the next election. And yet ten years ago those Unions would have given their all to get a few of their representatives in the Government. Such is—political—life!

"P. B.'s" Luck.

Some lucky fate seems to attend Mr. Pemberton Billing's election exploits. When he stood for East Herts, as Air Service reformer, a raid arrived on the eve of the poll; whilst at Clapham, the Leverton Harris and Jonas cases came to his aid.

The Law's Delays!

Looking over the Cause List of the Privy Council, we were struck with a note which appears in the titles of two cases—"One of the parties since deceased." Pity they couldn't have waited a little longer!

Lieut.-Col. Delmé Radcliffe.

We notice that an officer of this name is sitting as President of Courts-Martial in the Northern Command. We seem to have heard of him somewhere, but we do not think he was then associated with the North. Wasn't it *West?*

"Conchies" at 18.

The *Daily News* thinks that a lad of eighteen *may* be a Conchy. "If a man is old enough," says our dear brother "to have a sincere motive for enlisting, he is old enough to have a sincere motive for *not* enlisting." Was ever greater piffle printed? Have we no Conscription Act?

The Official Mind.

We have not the honour of the personal acquaintance of Mr. Arthur Samuels, the Irish Attorney General—name sounds more like that of a Scotch quaiker, doesn't it?—but he "takes the cake" for "requiring notice" of any supplementary questions put to him. He reminds us of the Minister who, after a long stereotyped reply, furnished by the Permanent Officials, was asked: "Is the answer in the negative or the affirmative?" and replied—"I must have notice of that question"!

The Madsen Gun.

Don't believe all you read—especially in Parliamentary reports. *We* have given the facts—and "If you see it," etc.!

Beer and the Harvest.

Have you any idea of the extent to which this year's harvest is suffering owing to the shortage of beer for the harvesters? You simply *cannot* get in the crops on cold tea. Try it.

Officers' Separation Allowances.

When are these to be arranged? Who was it promised the matter his sympathetic consideration when we urged it upon him several months ago?

More Official Nonsense.

We hear of a large consignment of food which recently arrived from America being sent back because the Master of the vessel had omitted to bring his Pass with him. Now then, Mr. Clynes!

Now We Know.

This from the Kaiser's latest speech: "Either the German principles—Right, Freedom, Honour and Morality—must be upheld, or the Anglo-Saxon principles, with their idolatry of Mammon, must be victorious." And yet some people still doubt the congenital insanity of the Hohenzollerns!

The O.B.E.

There are signs that this Order is, like most others, becoming a farce. Many of our readers point out that the old "vicious circle" is in evidence. Titled people "who have yah-yahed on a platform," or lent their names to work which commoners have *done*, are constantly appearing in the Lists, whilst the army of silent workers are overlooked. Now, your Majesty!

Lord French's Lists.

And, by the way, isn't it about time that we looked up some of those names—many of them "Old Contemptibles"—recommended in the early days of the war by Lord French for the D.C.M. or M.M.—and never honoured? Are we so soon to forget?

"A Palpable Hit."

Such is the comment of the *Daily News* on the statement of the German paper, *Vossesche Zeitung*, that "Lord Haldane was more interested in Hegel than in Horatio Bottomley." We quite agree—but is it still true?

Prize Money.

Isn't it a bit of a scandal that prize-money awarded to members of crews for war services is not being paid till after the war? What about the sailors who die in the meantime? *Why can't War Stock be issued to the men at once?*

"The Pope and JOHN BULL."

We have no intention of reopening the controversy as to the attitude of the Vatican towards the war. The Case for the Pope—if we may use the phrase without disrespect—is put very fully, and very courteously towards ourselves, in a pamphlet, under the above title, issued by *The Universe*; and all who wish to "hear the other side" should read it. We are told that the duty of His Holiness "in a war such as the present is to be impartial"—and we are sorry to learn it.

Sacrilege.

We observe, however, that His Holiness has lodged one protest against the depredations of the Huns. He has called upon the Central Powers to desist from robbing churches in Italy of their bells!

Logic!

"It is not true that a large number of uninterned Germans and Austrians are in our midst." Thus the *Westminster Gazette*. And how do you think they justify it? Listen: "The Internment Camps are a proof to the contrary"! In other words, if you find yourself in a crowded train that proves that nobody is waiting on the platform.

Slop!

And now for a bit of sloppy sentiment, from the same journal: "No humane man can wish to add unnecessary suffering to the tragic toll of these (Internment) Camps." Poor dears! Why doesn't our contemporary put the matter before Mrs. Leverton Harris?

Sir Park Goff.

Our comments last week upon the silly official reason given for the inclusion of Mr. Park Goff in the Honours List were in no way intended to reflect upon the value of the services which this gentleman has rendered to the nation—having, at the outbreak of war, relinquished a lucrative practice at the Bar and acted ever since, without remuneration, as King's messenger. A very worthy knight.

Secure Your Copy.

Have you made a point of ordering your copy of JOHN BULL, now that "Returns" are prohibited? If not, hurry up.

Empty Honours.

For the eighth time the Manchester Town Hall Committee has discussed the proposal, and has at last decided to recommend, that the freedom of the city be conferred on the Premier—after a sensible protest from an Independent and a Labour member that the conferring of honours should stand over till after the war. We hope Mr. Lloyd George will agree—we are at present more concerned with the freedom of the world.

The Toilers—

Wire-rope fitters and machinists are H. Dobney, 35, and E. Dobney, 25, of Nottingham. The elder lost 169¾ hours in five weeks, yet he "earned" £4 4s. 5½d. in one week of 36¼ hours. The younger lost 167½ hours, earning £4 10s. 3½d. for a 20¾ hours week. They were merely fined £2 and £3, respectively, for this gross slacking. The controlled factory where they work about half-time is locally known as "The Playhouse." And the war costs £6,848,000 daily.

Another Toiler.

It was 39 years ago when he enlisted. He fought in Egypt, went back to the building trade, and returned to the Colours like an Englishman when war began. He gave his age as 45; he was really 54, and is now touching 58. Wounded in France, he was transferred to a Labour unit. He has to work, bricklaying, and keep a good time sheet. If he does well, his pay is 6d. for 8 hours. Does not so fine an old warrior deserve his freedom, to let him earn a little for himself?

A Silly Fine.

For the very good reason that he is lame through wounds, a New Zealander, settled in Surrey, was granted a petrol licence for his motor-cycle, to enable him to go to business. As it needed some repairs, he rode the machine to a cycle shop—and was summoned for using petrol without authority, on the ground that he was not using it to go to business. The police told him he should have taken it by 'bus! The Croydon Bench said the "crime" was not serious, but fined him 10s.—which, if not exactly serious, was certainly stupid.

Milk-O—and Geol-O!

John Linford, the Balham milkman, has received as his appropriate promotion—three months in gaol with hard labour. All over the place the poorer people are struggling their hardest to pay food profiteers out of the very breath of their lives, and here is an unconscionable scoundrel not only watering his milk from a pub tap, but selling it from a pewter measure fitted with a false bottom. This is about the most brazen double-dodge we have yet heard of in this particular line; but John Linford has some runners-up.

Cushions for Conchies.

Conchies of Princetown have a lovely time of it. Their rations are extra generous, and these are supplemented by 8d. a day, with which they are able to purchase extra food. Their wives and families infest the place, and they are at liberty from 6 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. On Saturdays they may go off at mid-day and need not return until Monday morning. The general impression is that C.O.s acted on religious conviction, and this was the legal excuse for their existence. There appears to be very little religion among this ribald crowd, however, and another name should be applied to them. And we should not have much difficulty in finding one.

A German Mother.

A pathetic letter reaches us from a Newcastle lad, one of three brothers, each of whom has been wounded in the war. It contains the following poignant sentences: "My mother has had the misfortune to be of German birth—my three younger sisters cannot get employment. I could not even walk the streets when I was home on my sick leave." Poor boy! He signs himself "A Disheartened Soldier," and asks "Would it not be better, if I am regarded as a suspicious character, if I was placed in an internment camp?" Cheer up! Legally—and morally—he is a true Briton.

An Artless Question.

A kindly and appreciative letter comes to hand from the Vicarage, Menston-in-Wharfedale. "I have just been reading your paper," writes the Vicar. "One point worries me. You give a list of cases needing help; the point that troubles me is, 'Why haven't these people gone to their local parson?'" We could answer this question; but if the good Vicar will excuse us, we would rather not. All we need say is that if there are any "cases needing help" in the village of Menston-in-Wharfedale, we are sure they will be quite safe with "the local parson." Let it rest at that.

Rain Not Wanted.

If in the course of this summer you see a crowd of people down on their knees praying for rain, you can lay long odds that they are not the Forestry Section of the Women's Land Army. On the minimum wage of 20s., working from seven in the morning until six at night, they "manage to earn the large sum of 24s. 4d." If they are unfortunate enough to be away through illness they are not paid for the time off; "and," some of the Winchcombe Section tell us, "if we are sent home through rain, we are not paid for the time it rains." Think of a week of bad weather at Winchcombe!

Sweets to the Sweet.

Our heart throbs to the suggestion—the delightful inspiration, we ought to call it—of a soldier's wife Macclesfield way. "Couldn't we take away from the Germhun prisoner his sugar ration," she asks, "and pass it on to the manufacturers of pure sweets and allow the British soldiers' kiddies the joy of a pennyworth of sweets?" The interned Hun would get no sugar from us, if we had the catering for his camps; and if by the sugar diverted from the Hun we could give cheap sweets to the kiddies, that would we do. Unfortunately, there is reason to believe that the high price of the crudest boiled sweets is not wholly due to the scarcity or the cost of sugar.

Rags and Bones.

We do not like the look of a man now touring the Wisbech district. This is the card he is leaving at house doors: "Notice. Dear Sir or Madam, I have been discharged from the Army physically unfit after two years and four months' service in this war, and am unable to work and getting no pension. I ask all Patriotic Britons to help me to get a honest living by letting me have all your waste such as Rags, Bones, Bottles, Jam Jars, Cycle Tyres, Horse Hair, Old Iron, etc., and oblige Yours Faithfully, W. Kirby. N.B.—I will call for this card in two hours." It degrades the Army to have discharged men pitching a tale of this sort from door to door, the more so if the tale is true. Why, we are curious to know, is this man not receiving any pension? And why doesn't he give his address, and the name of his late regiment?

Hindering Marriage.

"I am just one of a good many young ladies who are engaged to boys in Canada and desire to be married, but are refused passports." This complaint comes to us from a Leeds girl, who explains that her "boy" is ineligible for the Army, and very lonely away in the West. Is there any reason for such official stumbling blocks in the way of hymeneal bliss?

Leasowe Castle, Cheshire.

And very nice, too—judging by the photograph before us. Bought by the trustees of the "Railwaymen's Convalescent Homes," with funds voluntarily subscribed by railway employees all over the country, it was commandeered by the Government for our wounded soldiers. Now, we are informed, "it has leaked out that—to the everlasting disgrace of England—it is being used for German prisoners." Is there some horrible wickedness somewhere—or is it merely bungling?

An Act that Failed.

A paragraph in the recent Report of the Trading with the Enemy Committee makes uncomfortable reading. It relates to an enemy business, which the Committee would have advised the Board of Trade to wind up, if only they had been sure of their authority to do so. From this case and others in the Report, it is clear that the present Act to prevent enemy trading is not nearly strong enough. It seems to be the fatal instinct of Governments to do the wrong thing wholeheartedly, and the right thing by halves.

Stitch, Stitch, Stitch.

A London firm, busy on Government contracts, has dealt a heavy blow to its women sewing-machinists. They make great quantities of army gloves, and the pay for sewing them has been 2s, 6d. per dozen pairs—1¼d. per glove—none too much. But the order has gone forth that only 2s. per dozen will be paid in future, because, the employers say, Government has knocked 1s. a dozen off the contract price. But did the officials, keen on economy, intend that half the entire burden should be borne by striving, struggling sewing-women?

The Trail of the Hun.

There is a china shop at 88, Oxford Street, name of Savill and Co. In the window is a notice, "British Proprietors, British Staff," but other decorations are not so satisfactory. In great gold letters running the whole length of the establishment we read "Wahliss Galleries," Wahliss being the name of the former German proprietor. On the door appears the proud designations, "Royal Dresden" and "Royal Vienna"—descriptions of German wares which certainly jar upon patriotic feelings.

Pigs—and other Brutes.

One of the other brutes is the creature described to us by a local man as the "big, lusty fellow," William Henry Spencer, of Honicknowle—a village in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. He was seen beating a pig on the neck and shoulders with all his force because he could not get it along. "The pig dropped down in the road quite exhausted, with its mouth wide open and its tongue hanging out," dying an hour or two later in a pool of blood. The Roborough Magistrates, being gentlemen with a horror of unduly upsetting other people's feelings, allowed Spencer to go for a mulct of £1; as cheap a bit of atrocity as any brute could wish for.

A Fishy Business.

Disquieting reports are still trickling through regarding the waste of fish in the Hull district. A local solicitor now makes himself responsible for the statement that, within a short period, £16,000 worth of good fish has been sent to the manure heap. Meanwhile, local fishmongers, fried and fresh, protest that they have nothing to sell. Looks fishy all round!

A Fault at Hanwell.

The loneliness of the mentally deficient, cut off from the world, must be distressing. A Hanwell patient's only visitors for 30 years were a sister and nieces. Bad health and worry about sons at the front kept the sister away for eleven months. Then she paid her visit, and the attendant went to summon the patient. Half-an-hour later, the visitor learned her sister had died last July. To notify neither sickness nor death seems like double unkindness.

Some of the Young Ones.

At North's munition factory in Watford are 19 men under 24 years of age; the Ministry of National Service is considering "if their work is of greater importance than if they were in the army"! Unhesitatingly we claim that the work can be done equally well by some of the hundreds of discharged men in the town. At North's, also, men over 24 have protection certificates, while "any man could get a protection certificate if he were in Grade 2." In another Watford firm are young men who openly state they cannot be touched. Now, Sir Auckland, what about it?

Supplying the Enemy.

This isn't a case of treason, but merely damned foolishness—which in effect is just as bad. We have conclusive evidence that the many thousands of bags sent to Germany containing parcels for our soldier-prisoners of war there are being fastened with heavy lead seals. We have one such seal before us as we write. It would make a very nice *bullet*. Good God! Have our officials no brains?

"Where the Bee Sucks."

We congratulate the Napier Football Team, champions of the London Munitions League, on their smart appearance. Hefty, likely young men they are, A1 in the forward line, and dangerous in a charge. If we offend them by using terms which smack of the army, their extremely robust and war-worthy exterior must be our excuse. Have they learnt the latest topical ditty? It's a scream! The title is: "Grandpa joined to-day."

Skinning the Pensioners.

It seems they skin old age pensioners Reading way also. We hear of an Old-Ager of 78 in that neighbourhood, who received the extra half-a-crown a week last October. Because he is working five days a week in a nursery at half-a-crown a day, a skinflint Pensions Committee have docked the half-a-crown. The old man cannot work a full week, and therefore ought to come into the proviso which, if Parliamentary language has any meaning, entitles him to retain his pension in full.

Humour.

Placard in the window of a large shop in Southsea: "Notice.—In future, to enable our assistants time for recreation and voluntary war work, we shall close at 8.30 week days and 9 o'clock Saturdays." What have said assistants been doing hitherto on Sundays and holidays, we wonder? Engaging in prayer?

A Mother's Appeal.

That pledge about sparing the last son in a family must have been indefinitely worded, for Tribunals seem to skate over it. At Bovey Tracey a mother pleaded for her boy of 18, the last of four. Two sons have been killed; one is fighting in Mesopotamia. Had she not given her full? "I beg you to let me keep him," she said, but all in vain. It was a Tribunal without a heart, and the last boy leaves home on July 15th. Surely, surely, there are others who could be better spared?

The Lovely War.

Messrs. Salmon and Son, Hornsey Road, Holloway, must also be enjoying the war. One of our readers recently bought from this firm an enamel vessel for which she paid 2s. 11d. It was obviously old stock, for by their own tickets, placed one over the other, the previous price had been 2s. 6d., the price before that 1s. 8½d., and the price before that 1s. 5½d. We hardly know whether this sort of thing should be described as patriotic enterprise or enterprising patriotism, and perhaps Messrs. Salmon's customers will assist us in the difficulty by describing it for themselves.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To Sir Chas. Mathews, Director of Public Prosecutions.

DEAR "P. P."—That was a queer business at the Southend Police Court when Edward William Palmer, mate on the *Mouse* lightship, was prosecuted on your authority for disclosing information in regard to coming naval operations. It appears that in a letter to his daughter he had recklessly given away the whole scheme of the attack on Zeebrugge, then impending. For this offence—which might have had disastrous consequences, and may in fact have enhanced the difficulty of our operations—the Southend Magistrates imposed the trivial sentence of two months' imprisonment. Surely the case was one which you should have reported to the naval authorities for trial by Court-martial. JOHN BULL.

To A. Maclaren, Esq., 30, Adelphi Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow.

SIR,—Among all the landlords I have heard of, you are about the limit. Not only did you threaten Mrs. Neil, of 24, Adelphi Street, with what you would do to her husband, because—through no fault of her own—she was a few days behind with her rent, but you sent a complaining letter to the Commanding Officer of her husband—then serving at the Front, and afterwards gassed. How did your little soul get the notion of tormenting a soldier who was staking his life for you? JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Joseph Porter, "The Three Chequers," High Street, Dorchester.

DEAR HOST JOSEPH,—Not even the fact that you are a member of the Town Council, and, as Mayor, were for two years Chief Magistrate, saved you from conviction of gross profiteering in whisky. Oh, Joseph! Joseph! Well, well! And so shameless about it, too! Your method being to get whatever a customer would pay, from 17s. to 15s. a bottle, a fine of £20 and £5 costs is not much. I hope that we shall get a few more of your kidney.

JOHN BULL.

To Johannes Klock, Hairdresser, 323, Woolwich Rd., S.E.

SIR,—You are a Dutchman, enjoying British hospitality, but not content to live in peace with your neighbours. You have exhibited a notice, "No Jews or Germans will be served here." To couple Jews with Germans is a wanton insult to every Jew—there are thousands of them—serving in H.M. forces. Further, you were fined £5 for the disgusting offence of spitting in the face of a British girl employed next door. I should think decent British customers will take care you do not serve them.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. William Brace, M.P., Under-Secretary, Home Office.

DEAR MR. BRACE,—We are told that just now there is an epidemic of juvenile crime, and commitments to Industrial Schools have recently been on a record scale. In many of these cases the only real trouble is that the restraining influence of the father has been removed; and I suggest to you that it would be a useful and humane expedient if the banishment of these wayward youngsters were limited to "the duration of the war." JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Joseph Ransom, Battersea, London.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN,—Let me congratulate you, for of course if the policeman on the beat had succeeded at the South-Western Police Court in proving that your natural emotion as an orator in addressing an open-air assembly on Clapham Common during a contested political election was in fact à "druffen do," as they say in Yorks, I should not have been able to congratulate you at all. True, you had dined, but the menu was bullock's heart and onions, and, to repeat the incredulous exclamation of the Magistrates, who can get drunk on that? 'Pon my word, I don't know what things are coming to. Next they will be arresting Mr. Lloyd George for intemperant instability when he has had nothing stronger to eat than leeks! JOHN BULL.

To the Manager of the R.G. Powder Factory, Waltham Abbey.

DEAR SIR,—I'd rather like to know why, immediately after the 12½ per cent. increase, you shortened the hours of working so that the men are actually earning less than they were before the rise. Why are things so slack at your factory? If you can't find enough munition work to do (and after all there is a war on) you might release some of the men for the Army. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. John Hill, General Secretary, Boilermakers' Society.

DEAR MR. HILL,—Frankly, I do not like the way in which in your official publications and public statements you are playing with the mischievous idea of a "negotiated peace." I cannot believe that you wish to see reproduced in the history of your native land the humiliation of Russia or the martyrdom of Rumania; but you must be as well aware as I am that all this talk of "conference" and "negotiation" is meat and marrow to our savage enemies. To my mind, such tactics are a wanton insult to the brave fellows with whose photographs you see fit to decorate your Monthly Reports! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Joseph Rose, Master Stevedore, Southampton.

DEAR SIR,—A few months ago you were brought before the Southampton Magistrates on a charge of food hoarding; and, although there was a great deal to be said in your favour, you were convicted and fined £20. It appears that you had purchased the damaged stores of a torpedoed ship, never intending to hoard them for your personal use, but hoping to sell again at a profit. In these circumstances, the decision of the Magistrates was of questionable legality, and the fine in any case grossly excessive. However, it is satisfactory to know that the Home Office has now quashed the sentence: one in the eye for the Magistrates and £20 in pocket for you! JOHN BULL.

THE FARCE OF THE FIFTIES.

CABINET'S BROKEN PLEDGE TO THE MIDDLE-AGED OF BRITAIN.

By Charles Palmer (*Assistant Editor*).

PERHAPS some day we shall get a Government that keeps its word. So far, this war has presented us with a long catalogue of broken Ministerial promises, patent falsehoods, and gross prevarications. When, for instance, is this conscription scandal going to stop? Does the Government intend to persist in a course whose only possible result will be such an outburst of public dissatisfaction as will seriously imperil national solidarity at a time when we need unity and confidence? It is useless to shut our eyes to this scandal—for scandal it is—and if to write plainly means risking the full force of D.O.R.A., then let it be so. There are occasions when Mr. Lloyd George and his Ministers must be told the truth, even if it be necessary to shout it from the housetops to gain the official ear. And the truth is that the middle-aged manhood of Great Britain is being dragooned into the Army with a brutal disregard of physical fitness, a stupid callousness as to claims to exemption, and a reckless indifference to the effect on national prosperity.

If the halt and the lame, the sick and the infirm, who are being driven into the ranks under the goading powers of the National Service Ministry, could help to win the war, we might shut our eyes to the inhumanity and the cynical cruelty of it all. What is happening is that men, many of whom already have sons in the Army, are being taken only to be left; they are torn from their homes and their business, apparently for no other purpose than to please some Juggernaut of Whitehall, to feed the appetite for mere numbers. But that is not all. Many men will be "crocked" in the Service; they will never see a day's fighting, and they will be cast back, human derelicts, into civil life, to be a shame and a reproach to soulless officialism and a charge on the national purse. We have it on the authority of men of position and experience, who know intimately the methods of tribunals and the ruthless demands of the Army, that these older men—of whom we were told by the Prime Minister that not more than 7 per cent. would find their way to the firing line—are being most unfairly treated; that there is a resort to the old vicious policy of "speeding up"—we know what *that* means—and that, under pressure, totally unfit men are being forced into the ranks. *Men suffering from tuberculosis have actually been passed for the Army by Medical Boards.* That statement cannot be denied; it reveals a scandalous, a criminal state of affairs. It is worse than slavery, for it means physical torture and hastened death!

Do not let us forget the circumstances in which conscription up to 51 was enacted. It carried with it two promises—one, that all the young men should be taken first, that there should be a thorough comb-out of the Cuthberts wherever they were to be found; and, two, that Ireland should no longer remain the happy hunting ground of lusty slackers. To a limited extent that first undertaking has been fulfilled—but *only* to a limited extent. The second promise has been grossly falsified, and to-day the middle-aged fathers of families, men with little businesses and large responsibilities, are being dragged into the Army, while not a single Irishman has been conscripted. Be docile and patriotic and British, and even infirmity and ill-health shall not save you. Be threatening and pro-German and Irish, and fine health and young manhood will save you from military service. Mr. Lloyd George knew there were limits to the patience even of the British nation. He dared not conscript the middle-aged without at the same time promising to conscript the young men of Ireland. And so he promised. And his promise was made nearly three months ago. This is what he said on April 9th:—

> We propose to extend the Military Service Act to Ireland under the same conditions as in Great Britain. . . . It may take some weeks before actual enrolment begins. But there must be no delay. As soon as arrangements are complete the Government will, by Order in Council, put the Act into immediate operation.

Then listen to Mr. Bonar Law, who generally goes one better in "frankness" and sincerity:—

> It is a great mistake to suppose that the Government have put compulsion into the Bill as a pious opinion. They intend to carry it. They believe that it will *make a difference of military strength*, and that it is their duty to face the consequences, whatever they may be, and pledge the Government not to go back and declare that if the people think we are making a mistake we will give loyal support to any other Government which wishes to carry on the war.

Isn't this sort of thing sickening? Brave, bombastic words in the House of Commons; solemn promises to the middle-aged men of England, Scotland and Wales—and yet all a shameful sham, a hollow mockery! They are getting the British fathers—yes, and grandfathers. They have deluded and deceived, and now the time has come to eat their words, to affirm in frightened tones that they have not conscripted Ireland because of the Sinn Fein plot and the threat of excommunication by the Roman Catholic clergy. And with America pouring her young manhood into the battle area, where is the need for breaking up the whole social and business life of Great Britain? Stop this shameful fooling!

"REMEMBER—AND HATE."

CHARLES RIDGE AND THE LONG ASHTON SEXTETTE.

"There is one message I shall always be proud of. It was from a Tommy in France, and it reads: 'Well done, Charles Ridge.' That is all, but I think we understand one another. I should like to meet that man some day." Thus writes Charles Ridge in the course of a letter to John Bull, thanking us for our comments on his splendid British behaviour in knocking down the Hun prisoner who spat in his face. We are sure the sentiment of that Tommy is entertained by every other man in the British Army, both at home and abroad. We are glad to have been the means of finding for Ridge a sum of money considerably in excess of the amount which the Long Ashton Magistrates made him pay for doing his duty as a Britisher—or as Ridge puts it in his letter to us, "I only did a perfectly natural thing—a thing every Britisher assaulted by a Hun would do." Well, the country is proud of this avenger of an insult, and thinks very little of men of the type of E. J. Swann (for that is the name of the Chairman of this precious Bench of J.P.s), who declared his intention to see that German prisoners had "the same rights as Englishmen." The beast who spat at this discharged soldier got off scot free; the Englishman is punished. "Same rights," forsooth! This case has aroused wide public interest because the hero of it (the "prisoner" at the Long Ashton Petty Sessions) was doubly insulted, first by a refractory Hun and next by a local Bench. Let every man so placed do as Ridge did—he *knew how to hate!* And let us remember the men who dared to condemn his splendid action. They are E. J. Swann, A. R. Robinson, F. W. Sinnock, G. H. Wollaston, H. B. Napier and C. E. Franck.

A SWEATED CORPORATION WORKER.

TOWN COUNCIL'S MEAN TREATMENT.

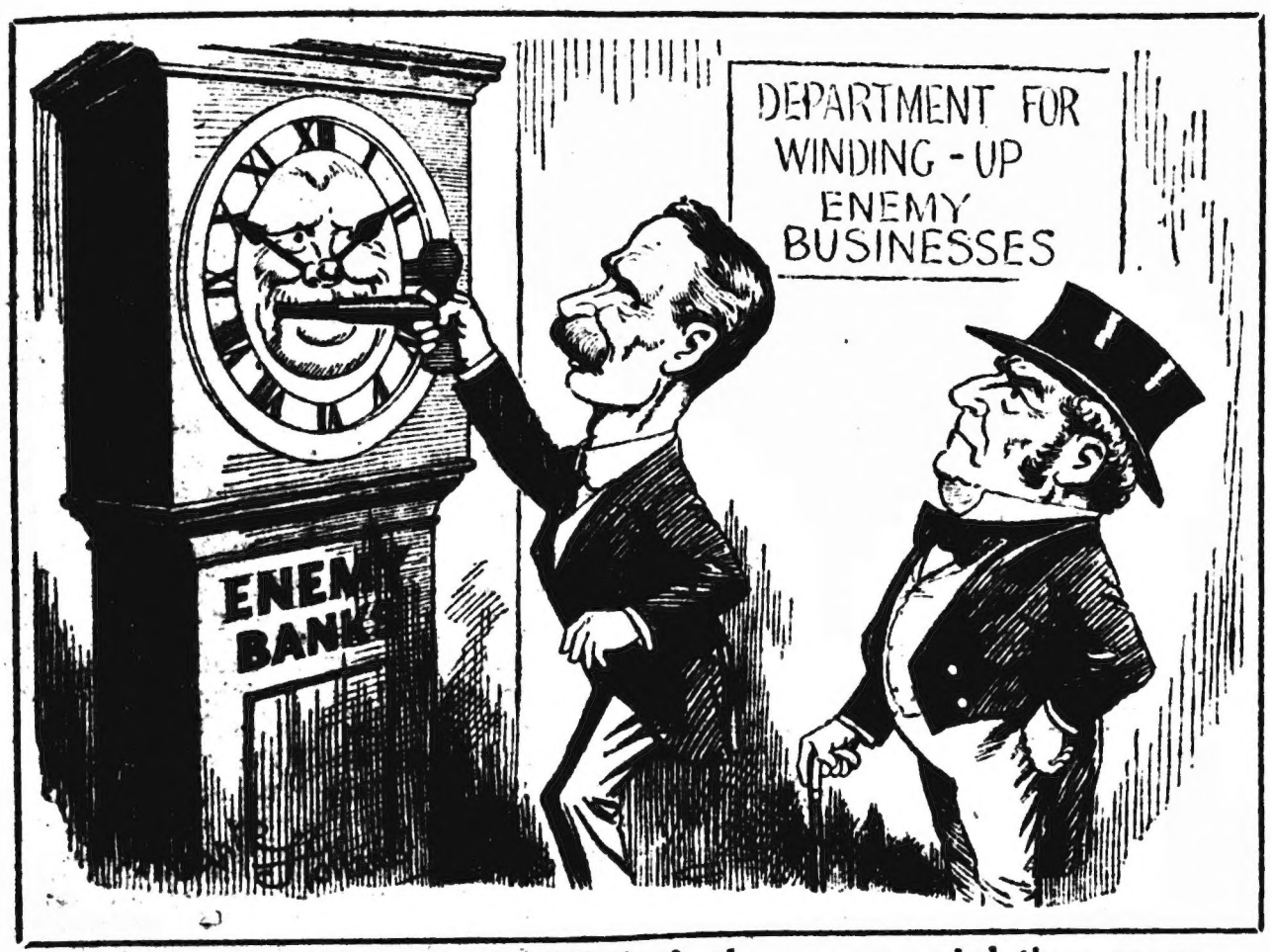
"The Recreation Ground Committee reported that they were not prepared to recommend the additional war bonus of 5s. per week applied for by the caretaker. The Committee accepted, with best thanks, the gift of a children's swing." So runs a newspaper report, but there is more in it than meets the eye. The Committee did not mention that the caretaker gets the princely sum of £1 5s. a week (twenty-five bob a week in wartime!)—works from 6 a.m. till half an hour after sunset, keeps 8 acres of grass land cut like a lawn, digs borders, clips shrubs, keeps tennis courts, bowling greens and croquet lawns in order, looks after all the children in the grounds—all this single-handed—and that he is an Army pensioner who has served 21 years, and has four sons in France. They did not mention that they took into account his Army pension when refusing his war bonus. As a matter of fact, a Cadet Training Battalion has just been granted facilities for hockey and cricket (four pitches a week), which, of course, gives the caretaker much extra work. They pay £1 1s. weekly to the Corporation—and the caretaker is to get not one penny extra. Curious, isn't it? Especially as the Town Clerk is just getting £40 a year bonus for extra work. Still more curious is it that the Town Clerk indignantly denied the right of members to inquire what was his private income. We suppose that if it had been a private pension for Army service, they *would* have had the right to inquire. It makes our blood boil when we hear of private employers—and, worse still, of public bodies—sweating men *because* they have served their King and country. Still, it is nice to know that the Newport Recreation Committee have got a children's swing. They seem to need it.

THE CASE OF ANNIE MOTSON.

HOME SECRETARY'S TIMELY ACT OF MERCY.

We are pleased to record the success of our efforts on behalf of the poor girl Annie Motson, sentenced at the Lincoln Assizes last year by Mr. Justice Rowlatt to five years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of her "unwanted" baby. There is no occasion now to recapitulate the painful facts of the case, which will be well within the recollection of our readers. After serving a year of her cruel sentence, the poor child has been released from prison and placed on probation at the St. Elizabeth's Home, Bessborough Street, S.W. There can be no harm in saying that we ourselves drafted the petition to the Home Office for the girl's release, and our interest in her welfare does not cease with her escape from the blighting influence of the gaol. That this solicitude will be shared by our readers we have no doubt; and, incidentally, we may perhaps be permitted to mention that the Home in Bessborough Street, where Annie Motson and other girls also needing succour have been kindly and sympathetically received, is greatly in need of funds to enable this good work to go on. The St. Elizabeth's Home, of whose able and kindly administration we have had more than one gratifying experience, has won official recognition—but the State, apparently, does not think it worth while, or has no statutory authority, to pay for services which may make all the difference between ruin and reclamation to the Annie Motsons, more sinned against than sinning, of a world apt to look somewhat coldly on those who have transgressed its moral code. For all such it will be a calamity if such institutions as the St. Elizabeth's Home, Bessborough Street, S.W., are compelled to close their doors.

A KIND OF A WIND.



JOHN BULL (to Bonar Law): "If that's the way you wind them up, no wonder they keep going!"

THE CENSOR AGAIN

AMAZING STATEMENT BY WAR UNDER-SECRETARY.

The writer of a letter to a morning newspaper was surprised recently by the receipt of an insolent rejoinder from the Knockaloe Camp, Isle of Man, where Hun prisoners-of-war are interned. With the clumsy facetiousness which is the nearest German approach to humour, the prisoner addressed the newspaper correspondent as "My dear Uncle," signing himself "Your nephew, Fritz Fool"—the letter consisting of an impudent attempt to excuse the atrocities of the Huns on account of the British blockade. The recipient of this impertinent epistle, his faith in the Postal Censorship thus rudely shaken, brought the matter to the notice of the authorities, but the Commandant of the Knockaloe Camp could give no information beyond the fact that the letter in question was "not censored at the Camp but in London." On the strength of this suggestion, the circumstances were reported to Mr. Ian Macpherson, Under-Secretary for War, who, in a letter to a Member of Parliament, lightly dismissed the incident as "a foolish practical joke." Unfortunately, Mr. Macpherson seems to have been quite impervious to the sting of the "joke," and to have failed altogether to realise that if a harmless piece of impertinence could thus escape the Censorship, matters of more serious import might just as easily leak through. Indeed, it is clear from Mr. Macpherson's statements that the Inland Censorship is about as effective as a hollow sieve. "Inland letters from prisoners of war camps in the United Kingdom," writes this amazing official, "are for administrative reasons, which it is unnecessary to detail, passed through the office of the Censorship, but all of them are not read, and the letter in question was not read." In other words, a Hun prisoner-of-war may write what he pleases to anyone in the United Kingdom. A nice state of affairs, certainly. And what about letters to Ireland? Does anyone in his senses think that British prisoners in Germany are allowed to write uncensored letters to natives?

JUSTICES' JUSTICE.

CRUEL SENTENCES AND MISPLACED LENIENCY.

Poole (Dorset) Magistrates have a peculiar way of doing things. For instance, if a local butcher, in a small way of business, happens to be wicked enough to sell a skinned rabbit for 2s., instead of 1s. 9d., the fitting and proper penalty for him is £5. When, however, a farmer, of some financial standing and position, sells the carcase of a sheep, 80 lbs. weight, at 3d. per lb. above the maximum price fixed by the Food Controller, the fine in his case is £1. Again, a well-to-do grocer cannot be so *really* wicked as either a butcher or a farmer, for, when the local Food Control Committee release to him a pretty large bulk of margarine, and he sells it to small shopkeepers —including a poor woman—at ½d. to 1½d. a pound in excess of the price fixed by the Controller, the fitting penalty for such profiteering is a fine of 5s., coupled with an "expression of regret" from the "Great Unpaid." And all this at the same Court and before the same Magistrates! If a lad of 13 "attempts to break and enter a shed"—a shed with the windows open, and the doors, with broken locks, also open—"with intent to commit a felony," and breaks nothing, steals nothing, gets nothing, he is sent to an industrial school for three years. Here is the mother's pitiable cry for mercy: "For God's sake, gentlemen, don't send him! His father's fighting—fought in France and Egypt. It'll kill me!—and kill him!" The Poole Magistrates, however, "rule with a rod of iron"—sometimes. But if a young man "of good family," saved from the Army on account of his physical condition, employed at the Post Office as a sorting clerk, steals a packet containing Notes—"the mercy of the P.M.G. saving him from going for trial"—a fine of £10, with "an expression of deep regret," is the verdict of the Poole Bench. But what can we expect? The Chairman of the Bench, Mr. F. J. Morton, "had known the prisoner all his life, his father since he was a boy, and his father before him"! Poor Poole!

PENALISING PATRIOTIC MINERS.

OUT OF BENEFIT FOR BOYCOTTING "CONCHIES."

There were twelve "Conchies" in the North Walbottle Colliery, and from the beginning of the war they had gone out of their way to throw mud at the British soldiers. The best they could say of them was that they were as bad as the Germans: the worst, that they were the scum of the earth. Gradually the North Walbottle miners began to lose their wool. Two of the "Conchies," scenting trouble, recanted. Ten went on their dirty way. So finally the miners resolved they would work with them no longer, and informed the Manager that unless he stopped the "Conchies" they would stop the pit. Probably the Manager was glad to get rid of the Objects. Anyhow, the Objects got their notices. So far, so good! But what of the sequel? As a direct result of this action, the Executive Committee of the Northumberland Miners' Association has suspended North Walbottle from benefits! The latest threat is that the Lodge will be dissolved. The fact that no hearing was allowed them at the recent Annual Council Meeting is an additional grievance. But the main point is that English miners have been shamefully penalised for refusing to work with "Conchies." Are you going to stand that, miners of Northumberland, miners of England, miners of Britain? As North Walbottle finally says, "Just as we claim the right to boycott blacklegs to our Trade Unions, so do we claim the right to mete out similar treatment to blacklegs to our country and to our countrymen." But the Association Committee thinks otherwise. The Association Committee has full sympathy with the "Conchies"—who have got work at once elsewhere. And so we think it is up to the Northumberland Miners to chuck out their Association Executive Committee.

A PAINFUL CASE.

BASELESS CHARGE AGAINST DISABLED SOLDIER.

Physicians of high standing—we except Sir John Collie, Medical Officer to the L.C.C., who is less a specialist than a monomaniac—are agreed that "shell shock" in its varied forms is a painful and disabling affection. Unfortunately, Dr. Collie has a "pull" at the Pensions Ministry; and in the case of Mr. John Johnson, of Brixton, recently noted in these columns, his influence has been exerted to rob a discharged soldier of the pension to which he is as clearly entitled as if he had lost an eye or a limb. Despite the publicity given to the matter, no satisfactory steps have yet been taken towards meeting the man's indubitable claim; yet the Ministry are in possession of medical evidence which ought to outweigh the opinion of Sir John Collie, whose handling of the case and of many others of the same character, has been grossly unsympathetic. In April last, Johnson was examined by an experienced nerve specialist. "I have little doubt," wrote this distinguished physician, "that the condition is a functional one. At the same time, don't mistake that condition for one of malingering. He feels himself, and is genuinely, ill." It would almost seem that the writer of this report was anticipating the harsh judgments of Sir John Collie, which are as notorious in pension matters as formerly in Workmen's Compensation cases concerning the L.C.C. "He is disabled," wrote the specialist finally, "and I don't know how long he will remain so, such cases being often prolonged and unsatisfactory." Prolonged and unsatisfactory this poor fellow's case has certainly been, owing largely to the callous indifference of the Pensions Authority and their examining surgeon. If further evidence is needed to dispose of the cruel suggestion of malingering, it is furnished by the fact that the Manchester Oddfellows, after full inquiry, are paying Disablement Benefit in a case which they recognise to be one of acute distress.

MRS. LEVER[TO]

The Truth Will Out—Amazing and Sensation[al]

By THE [ED]

CONSIDERING that we are within only a month of four years of war, I am not at all impressed by the Prime Minister's sudden anxiety to tackle the problem of the alien in our midst. These death-bed conversions are never convincing. This alien question is no new one. When far-seeing journalists sought to raise it in the early months of the war, they were threatened by the then Home Secretary with severe pains and penalties. That remarkable person, who I see is supposed to be first in the running for leadership of the Liberal Party—I mean Mr. Reginald McKenna—dared to tell us three years ago that we were making much ado about nothing. In his opinion, there was no danger from the enemy within our gates "unless invasion was imminent." When the Germans were on our coast, that would be the time, according to this genius, to intern the Huns at large in this country! Some of us have almost exhausted our ink and our adjectives in trying to bring the authorities, and notably the Home Office, to a realisation of the danger. But all in vain. And now, because a by-election has been fought on this vital question and a Court-Martial on a gallant and outspoken officer—all honour to him—has outraged the public conscience, Mr. Lloyd George gets busy. A frantic S.O.S. is sent out—the Government, in the language of the airmen, having at last "got the wind up." Not because there is any change in the spirit of Downing Street—not because the Hidden Hand is taken more seriously by Ministers—but because of the peril to votes and seats!

Let the Government be Warned!

I am not going in any way to exaggerate the meaning of the Clapham election. A big "Billing" vote was a foregone conclusion. Two days before the poll an eminent member of the Government called upon me and asked what I thought about the prospects of "P. B.'s man"—and I replied that just as the air-raid in East Herts had made his own election certain, so the timely disclosures in the Leverton Harris and the Jonas cases would undoubtedly weigh heavily in the scales against the Government nominee—"and serve them damned well right," I added. You should have seen that Minister's face! There were hurried conferences between Whips and Party Agents and all the other sorts of pre-war mandarins; and a wild appeal was made to the political Press to come to the rescue. "Tell your readers that losing the Clapham election means losing the war," was the order—and faithfully was it obeyed. And now, although they have won, the Government know that they and all the Party elements of which they are composed are ceasing to count. They know that Pemberton Billing may at any moment defeat the Coalition candidate for any seat. But much as I admire his indomitable pluck and his colossal audacity, I don't want to see a Pemberton Billing Government at this juncture. That way lies revolution—and *that* way lies defeat in the war. What I do want to see is firm, stable, vigorous administration—and no more fooling with the war. No more Home Rule, Irish Conscription, and Alien nonsense; no more Parliamentary *or* Press camouflage. The public are in no mood to stand it. Four years of blood and tears have revealed the verities of things. They know now that their "great men" are in truth very small men; that Party politics are all fraud; politicians, a compound of scheming lawyers, place-hunters and cranks—and Clapham is the concrete expression of that knowledge—accentuated no doubt by the revelations of the past week. With some of those matters it is not at present permissible to deal. When a man is on his trial it is the British way to give him a fair chance. But with one of them—the Leverton Harris affair—I can deal; and I mean to do so. That disgraceful revelation of Home Office laxity—it was quite by accident, I can tell you, that the Court-Martial proceedings ever came to light—is only one more revelation of Hidden Hand activity. I shall not mince matters; I shall speak quite plainly. I am going to tell of things which will be information to the authorities, and I am going to demand an Inquiry into the conduct of that Wakefield Camp, and the treatment generally of the Hun prisoners in this country. But before doing so, I will make this comment: Evidence is accumulating every day—my letter-bag bulges with it—that the German in this country is still treated with disgusting tenderness, is still allowed to trade and prosper—yes, and to do special and privileged work for the Government—is still permitted to promenade at large, and to roam about to the common danger—for that is what it comes to. Every man of German origin is, or should be, suspect. I care not whether he be Privy Councillor or barber. Clear them out or intern them "for the duration." You remember Sir Edgar Speyer—a pure German; what had he ever done which entitled him to be sworn of His Majesty's Privy Council? Yet because, on the outbreak of war, his position was questioned, that very perfect baronet flung his insignia in the face of the King, shook the dust of detestable England from his Teutonic toes, and is to-day no longer with us. Now that is the kind of Hun influence we have, I hope, done with for ever.

The Leverton Harris Affair.

And now I propose to draw aside the veil of mystery which at present conceals from the public gaze the real meaning and inwardness of this Leverton Harris affair. As I remarked a week ago, in my capacity as Editor of this journal I am made the repository of much confidential information affecting both public people and public affairs—all of which is duly docketed in our records, the dossiers of which are frequently placed at the disposal of the authorities. Now I have had my eye on the Leverton Harris gang—I use the term advisedly—for some months past. *At the commencement of the present year* the following memorandum, based upon information from an absolutely trustworthy source, was filed in our Special Commissioner's Department:

> Mrs. Leverton Harris, who is the wife of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry for Blockade, is in communication with a German prisoner of war, Count von Plessen, and recently visited him in an internment camp near Leeds, giving him a basket containing peaches and nectarines. The day prior to Mrs. Leverton Harris' interview with Count von Plessen the *War Office* (Director, Prisoners of War) gave orders to the Commandant that consideration was to be shown to this lady. Some time after her visit, German prisoners of war escaped from this internment camp.

And I find a foot-note to such memorandum to the effect (1) that it was on the day following the visit that certain prisoners—five in number—made their escape, and (2) that letters were taken from von Plessen and posted outside the internment camp, "although," it is added, "the Commandant denies this." For the moment I make no comment. Let me continue the story as now brought to light by the recent Court-Martial of Lieut. Canning. Would you be surprised to know that Lieut. Canning based his allegations upon what he himself heard whilst present at one of the interviews between Mrs. Leverton Harris and von Plessen? Yes, we must have the truth—and here is what Lieut. Canning says: "She said, 'My dear Leopold, when this wretched war is over how happy we shall be together!'" It almost recalls that unsavoury Cornwallis-West case! Lieut. Canning has also sworn that "it was a fact which had been reported to the War Office that von Plessen had been visited by Mrs. Leverton Harris, *who had brought contraband to him.*" Who, in the light of these facts, can deny that there is a significance in the request made by an official at the Home Office—upon whose instructions we have not yet learnt—that Mrs. Leverton Harris should be permitted to see von Plessen alone and without any limitation of time being placed upon the visit? Now, what is the lady's defence? She tells us that the German Count, now, I believe, in his twenty-fifth year—of whom she always speaks as a "boy"—was an old friend of her family, she having apparently been on intimate terms with von Plessen's mother's aunt! And she promised the dear old lady that she would occasionally visit this remote relative and keep her informed of his condition. She does not deny that she asked to see him alone, but says that when this permission was refused by the Commandant she was good enough to acquiesce. As regards the question of time, she asserts that all she asked for was to be permitted to visit the prisoner at a different hour and on a different day from that set apart for visits, because of the short time allowed between trains

...RTON HARRIS.

...n Disclosures—The Other Woman in the Case.

...ITOR.

and of her inability to make long journeys. (As a matter of fact, we find her going on to Scotland.) And, further, she says that so rushed were these functions that she had to take her lunch in a basket into the camp—thus, I suppose, imagining that she automatically disposes of the peach and nectarine allegation! And you will have observed that throughout the story it is assumed that she travelled to Leeds and thence paid a hurried visit to the camp, rushing back to catch the train home. Well, would it surprise you to hear that on some of these occasions she stayed at a house a few miles from the camp—to be precise, at Scarcroft Lodge, Thorner, near Leeds—her hostess being *Lady Mary Saville?*

Another Lady in the Case.

Why have I emphasised those words? Who is Lady Mary Saville? Well she *was* the wife of Mr. Walter Harris, brother of Mr. Leverton Harris—first noting that, according to the records, her marriage with Mr. Harris was "annulled" some time ago, when she returned to her maiden name. Now, then, this Lady Mary Saville turns out to be the sister of the notorious Princess Loewenstein, widow of Prince Ludwig Karl zu Loewenstein-Wertheim. Do you remember that lady? Let me recall her name to you. She was the "heroine" in a prosecution in October last, when she was charged with "travelling from her home in London to Leeds and Manchester without first obtaining a travelling Permit from the police." She was arrested at the Victoria Hotel, Manchester—where she had registered under a false name and given a false address—"in consequence of a communication received by the police from the Secretary of some works engaged in aeroplane construction, of whom the Princess had made inquiries as to the cost of an aeroplane to seat four persons—one in which the occupants could not be seen." And now let me continue from the report of the trial. "The price mentioned was between £2,000 and £3,000, and in response to an inquiry as to when it could be delivered, she was told in six months. She replied: 'That is too long to wait.' She said that she wanted delivery within a month." It was scarcely necessary for the prosecution to point out that "the type of aeroplane she wished to order could be kept in the air at least ten hours, would be capable of flying across the German Ocean, and might of course be used for carrying away German officers who escaped from internment camps in this country." And in this connection let me remind you that von Plessen had already received nominal punishment for an attempt to tunnel his way out of the camp. This punishment consisted of removing him to another portion of the establishment, but it is significant to note that after the visit of Mrs. Leverton Harris he was restored to his previous quarters, on the pretext that his association with the occupants of the Southern section of the camp was liable to "contaminate" him—and moreover that, in the opinion of the Commandant, his offence in endeavouring to tunnel his way out of captivity was of a trivial nature! Let us be fair to the good lady. According to the evidence of the detective officer who arrested her, "she admitted making inquiries about the aeroplane and explained that she wanted the machine so as to assist in war work. She wanted to help in the war on behalf of the country; she also said that she had been in communication with the Air Board upon the subject." In the end, she was fined £25 in respect of each offence against the Registration of Aliens Order—the Bench acquitting her of any unpatriotic motive, a matter which they were not called upon to investigate and which had nothing to do with the subject of the prosecution. I do not hesitate to say that the woman ought then and there to have been placed under arrest and escorted to the nearest barracks to await Court-Martial. The cost of an aeroplane "capable of seating four persons"! And a visit to the Leeds district to make inquiries about it! And sister of Lady Saville, hostess of Mrs. Leverton Harris, and late wife of his brother! Can you wonder that nearly half the electors of Clapham who went to the poll voted against the Government candidate? And here let me remind you that this dear innocent "half-English" officer—that is the description of him by the Harris family—was arrested at Gibraltar on his way from America to join the German army and fight against us.

Prisoners at Large.

For the moment I leave the family history of the case to say a word about the laxity of control over these German prisoners. I have evidence which leaves no doubt that in the case of this particular camp—and the same state of things prevails all over the country—these Huns are constantly let out on their parole—that is to say, their word of honour; imagine a German being capable of having a word of honour!—to visit friends, or on the pretext of transacting business or attending to private affairs. They are frequently seen dining at hotels in Leeds, Wakefield, and other places, in some cases remaining out all night. Can we wonder that the enemy obtains information of our plans? There is, also in this connection, the question of the presence of many wives of interned and other Germans over whose movements scarcely any supervision is exercised, and some of whom are actually given passports to go abroad to rejoin their husbands. And then there is another point—egad, how this question bristles with "points"! A frequent visitor to these internment camps is the "Reverend" Arnold Scholten, who lives, when at home, at 22, Compton Road, Highbury, London. He openly describes himself as a German born at Moers, and calls himself a "pastor or clergyman." He is apparently allowed to go about from camp to camp at his own sweet will, with full official authority. If these interned Huns *must* have spiritual consolation, let the pastor be interned with them.

Clear Out Government Departments.

I have no space for further particulars this week, and for the moment I leave out altogether the question of visits paid by other Society ladies to other aristocratic Hun prisoners at the Lofthouse Park Camp. I think I have said enough to justify a full and *open* Inquiry into the whole subject. We want no Minister—particularly one connected with the vital policy of starving out the Hun—I mean the Blockade—who is in any way associated with such things as I have exposed. Surely the least Mr. Leverton Harris can do is to surrender into other hands his post as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Blockade. And while we are about it, let us make a clean sweep of those suspected, either from association or action. Whoever is responsible for that Home Office letter should also go—and so should the War Office official who originally gave Mrs. Leverton Harris permission to visit von Plessen under special facilities. And at the same time we must clear out of the public service every official with German blood in his veins or with German family connections—beginning with Sir Eyre Crowe, the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office, who has a German mother and a German wife. I make no insinuation against the honour or the good intentions of any of these people—but blood is blood, and war is war. They should be cast out. We have fooled too long with this danger. There is hardly a department of the State into which the Teutonic taint has not penetrated. It is late in the day; the supineness of the Government has created widespread suspicion and unrest—and any more of these "revelations" might easily lead to a public outburst which at this time would be as dangerous as it would be deplorable. Further, we must intern at once all unnaturalised Huns; we must insist upon a revision of every Naturalisation Certificate, and, above all, we must *begin at the top*. When, for instance, are those Enemy Princes to be deprived of their titles, and when is the Privy Council to be purged of the Hun? We don't want them in the secret councils of the King: and His Majesty could do no more popular and patriotic thing than to declare his decision to reserve the honour of a Privy Councillorship for men who are All-British. Heaven knows, honours are becoming "as plentiful as tabby cats." But a P.C. may still be regarded as one of the greatest distinctions if the Council is kept free from the poisonous taints. I beg the King and his principal Minister to realise the extent of public feeling in these matters to act with courage—and to act promptly.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

Git out! . . . Jeer wot I say? 'Op it! . . . *Do I know 'oo I'm speakin' to?* Cert'n'y. Thet's w'y I ses, Bung orf! I know I'm a sorter public character an' keep a shop with a n'open dore, but I reserves the right to say 'oo I shall attend to and 'oo I sharn't. I ain't seen the celebrated book o' the 47,000, and don't know nuthink about it. But I've got a list in me 'ead of unpatriotic, perlitical toe-rags wot I wouldn't blunt me razer on, and you're one of 'em. So all I 'as to say to you is, Push—afore I puts up a barrage of soapsuds wot'll make you think you're caught in a snowstorm far from 'ome, with yer one and only umbreller up the spout. . . . *Wot's the meanin' of this outburst?* Go a-WAY! This ain't no outburst. It's a gentle introduction to wot I'm agoin' to tell yer if you *will* stay arfter time. I've bin readin' the speech you made in the 'Ouse larst Thursday an' Balfour's stingin' reply to it. I should like to 'ave seen you squirm as 'e weighed you up an' told you orf. You must 'ave felt like a cheeky school-kid, face downwards on 'is marster's knee, gittin' the cane on yore never-mention-it. . . . Oh, you're *indifferent to vulgar abuse?* Thet's a pity, as I was tryin' to fork down to yore mind and understandin', becos if ever you showed yerself to be an insultin' dorg it was larst Thursday. Jest w'en Italy was beatin' orf the fiercest attacks wot 'ave bin made on 'er, w'en the brave I-talian soldato was dyin' to save Venice from the foul and un'oly tread of the German brute-beast, you must sling mud at 'em by comparin' 'em to Shylock, wot would 'ave 'is pound o' flesh. W'y, a man with a narsty, suspicious, uncharitable mind like yores ain't fit to shake 'ands with a organ-grinder's monkey. Wot's it matter if we *'ave* gotter secret treaty with Italy? Do you want all our arrangements with our Allies to be exposed to German eyes w'ile the war is on? I don't believe in secret treaties no more then you do; but I kin realize thet a wore is on and it don't do to show *all* yer cards w'en you're fightin' un'oly devils like the 'Uns. 'Sides, it's as much on account o' blokes like you thet treaties 'as to be kep' secret. It's pretty plain you ain't got much love for yer own country, and 'eaven knows wot might 'appen if you knew everythink. You do enough damage as it is, even w'en you're kep' in ignorance. S'pose you think thet if it wasn't fur our secret treaty with Italy we'd be willin' to abandon 'er to the Kaiser, ser long as 'e marched outer Belgium. You don't seem to understand wot faith and honour mean. We're as closely knit to Italy as wot we are to Belgium, if not a bit closer. We 'elped 'er years ago to chuck orf the shackles o' Popery, and 'elped good old Garibalder to free 'is country, celebratin' the fack by callin' a currant biscuit arfter 'im. An' very nice they are, too—we'n you kin get 'em. Well, it ain't no good you standin' there. I sharn't do nuthink for yer, and I know my words on'y fall on deaf ears, like clean water down a dirty drain. So 'op it. And mend yer manners, if you'll take my advice. I don't know about Blackburn, but I know the 'Ouse o' Commons is gittin' tired o' your narsty, sneerin', satirical clack. If you're a misery to yerself it ain't no reason w'y you should make yerself a nuisance to the general public. Eat a little more meat an' cultivate a more generous 'eart, an' yore own country won't look to you so much like wot it does to a chap with yeller jaundice. There's the dore.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

REGISTRAR, 15TH CAN. GEN. HOSPITAL, TAPLOW (Order for the Day):—
"AMUSEMENTS for Friday . . . BIBLE CLASS IN CHAPEL, by Chaplain."

"DUBLIN EVENING MAIL" (advertisement):—
"For Sale . . . Four Hens, LAYING 10s. EACH."

"MASCOT NOVELS":—
"His EYES glared forth resentment and fury upon all the world, and all unknowingly HURT LALINE'S HANDS HORRIBLY."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO":—
"The second day of the attack seems . . . favourable . . . if we look at it from the point of view of one of our principal aims since March 21st, namely, to put out of action the MINIMUM number of the enemy while employing the minimum of our own effectives."

"BURY ST. EDMUNDS FREE PRESS":—
"MANY of the bride's PARENTS were unable to be present at the wedding owing to railway restrictions."

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—
"Lady to MANAGE CONFECTIONER; experienced."

"UXBRIDGE GAZETTE" (advertisement):—
"RATS; any size and kind delivered while fresh."

"STORY-TELLER":—
"The tears dripped unheeded from the listener's EARS."

"DAILY MAIL":—
"It was . . . the ANNIVERSARY of the day of the sinking of the *Wien* SIX MONTHS AGO."

MORE EFFECTIVE THAN CARBOLIC ACID, YET QUITE HARMLESS

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"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Methuselah:—Who is the oldest man on Active Service? We are told he is with the New Zealand Forces at the Front—has served in the Egyptian campaign, is now sixty-five, and is going as strong as the youngest buck!

Rations:—We suspect that most of the grouses against the quantity and quality of rations which we receive come from chaps who had few square meals when in civilian life. All the same, the complaints are numerous, and we would beg the officers in charge of messing to do their duty.

England's Last Stand:—Forty-four years old, ruptured, no teeth, and deformed in both hands, a called-up man has been passed Grade I by the Doncaster Medical Board. We must be particularly hard up for men, as this poor wight has been refused a re-examination!

Taking Risks:—Very many of the men transferred from the East have suffered from malaria, typhoid and dysentery. It is a mistake to send them to bivouac and work in a European climate. They will break down in droves, will be almost entirely off duty—a drag on our hospitals, and an expense to the country.

Lively and "Nippy":—If there is a Sanitary Officer in the neighbourhood he might visit Oakwood Camp, at Beckenham, and also inspect the men's blankets at Shortlands. The things that crawl and bite do not complain of short rations there. If the Officer Commanding cannot have the articles fumigated, he might pile them up on the road and run a steam-roller over them.

Huns at Church:—At the Wennington House Prisoners of War Camp, at Rainham, a couple of Sundays ago, a party of German prisoners, few of whom can speak English, paraded for Holy Communion, under a guard of four men and a sergeant with fixed bayonets! The sight was rather an incongruous one—particularly in view of the lax way in which other prisoners of war are treated—and shocked the congregation, many of whose relatives have fallen at the Front, possibly under the rifles of those very fellows who were trying to make their peace with God in a strange language. Is there no German chaplain in this camp?

England Not Trusted:—We continue to receive letters from soldiers in Ireland, telling us that even in H.M. Post Offices the officials refuse to accept our Treasury Notes. We know that the King's Writ does not run in some parts of that island, but it is rather strange that His Majesty's "Bradburys" should be so treated.

Tommy on Leave:—Speaking of Ireland, we would ask Commanding Officers there to time their men's leave so that they may catch the North Wall express boat to Holyhead. When this is not done the soldiers have to travel by mail boat from Kingstown, which costs them another half-crown; otherwise they have to lose a day of their leave while waiting in Dublin.

Crocked—and Swatted:—Category men at Halsham send us a list of their grievances. Many of them get about with the aid of sticks, by the way, having been maimed at the Front. "Medicine and duty" is what they get when they report sick. The other day a party was told off on fatigue to beautify the surroundings of the officers' mess, and when found sheltering under the eaves of the marquees were ordered out into the downpour. German prisoners would have been told to go inside, and would have been provided with tobacco.

"JACK."

Fit Joy-Riders:—At Invergordon are men—young chaps fit for Active Service—who joy-ride about in steam launches—no doubt doing duty of some kind. Are there no discharged bluejackets who would release these men for service at the Front?

Sent Back:—Last week we referred to the men of the R.A.F. who were called back for further medical examination, discharges at Chatham having been irregular. A room full of old crocks turned up accordingly, and when the Medical Board cast their eyes over them they decided that they were fit only for the scrap-heap.

The Look-Out:—Is the skipper of one of H.M. yachts at Yarmouth satisfied that a correct look-out is kept for submarines and mines when the vessel is on duty? We know that scraping and painting are necessary, but there is more important work in the danger zone.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

Lucky Parish Councillor!:—The Irvine School Board recently advertised for a janitor. Several discharged soldiers, one of whom at least had been wounded at the Front, were in the running; but the job was given to a Parish Councillor, who is a miner and is also on a Co-operative Committee, several members of which are also on the Board. Thus are our heroes turned down!

We Make Peace:—We received complaints by badged men during the week concerning unfair treatment by several London firms of good standing, and are glad to say that in each case, when we approached the management, matters were promptly adjusted.

Dublin G.P.O. Again:—We know that the G.P.O. in Dublin is a kind of Sinn Fein camp, and we have commented upon the treatment of "Badgers" there. The last case to come to our notice is that of a man who applied for a job as sorting clerk. He passed the necessary tests, but as his height *on enlistment* was only 5ft. 2ins. he was turned down, the Controller refusing to acknowledge the fact that since the man joined the Army he had grown, and was at the time of his application less than half-an-inch under the standard height.

Out in the Cold:—A Badger who has been motor-driving in the Army for three-and-a-half years, now finds it impossible to get a petrol licence to resume his old calling, because he is not the owner of a cab. Aliens who have not been in the Army, and who have made much money out of our nation, can afford to buy, and do buy, taxis.

A Case from Ireland:—We know that in some parts of the south and west of Ireland when a soldier returns to his native village he is boycotted, but we were not prepared to hear from the town of Monaghan, in the loyal north, that a permanently wounded soldier was recently refused the billet of Petty Sessions Clerk, it being given to a civilian who has never carried a rifle. We note that the Earl of Dartrey voted for the civilian. *Noblesse oblige!*

Comb the Funk Holes:—In combing out our departments, we appear to have overlooked the Navy and Army Canteen Board. Thousands of Badgers are well qualified to fill positions under the Board which are now occupied by civilians.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Three Doctors' Bills:—Sickness among children increases week by week. One applicant sent for our inspection several bills for attendance upon three of her children. She has two more to care for—all the little ones being under the age of eight.

No Luck:—A discharged soldier, in receipt of a pension of 5s. 6d. a week, has been endeavouring to add to it by fishing. For a couple of months no luck attended the crew he joined—so, his wife being unable to work, they have got behind with rent. As in many another case, we silenced the clamouring landlord.

A Sailor's Harassed Wife:—Her husband having been sent from hospital to an asylum, a poor woman's Government allowance was cut off for some weeks. Meanwhile debts accumulated, including rent.

No Outlook:—A soldier's widow, previously a worker, has had to abandon her employment on account of failing health. She has seven children and the young son who used to help keep the home going has been called to the Colours, no allowance being granted on his behalf. The poor woman's appeal to us was of a very despairing nature.

"Not Deserving":—Such was the answer meted out to a poor woman by the officials of a certain fund, and yet the facts are these—two of her children are suffering from spinal disease and will be ill for years. They are awaiting admission into a home, but, meanwhile, nourishing food is absolutely necessary. The mother is ill and cannot work; the father is in hospital in France. We differed from the red-taped officials.

Further Help Given:—

Soldier's child has to attend London hospital from country weekly; fare makes large gap in allowance.

Four children of soldier's widow delicate, and have to be dieted.

Discharged soldier suffering from cancer. Out of work; no pension. Was on verge of starvation.

Discharged soldier off work through re-opening of wound. No pension. Family to support.

Three of a family of eleven down with measles. Army allowance could not cope with expenses.

Soldier's wife laid up through much nursing of her children, who are still under doctor's care. Rent in arrears.

Four children ill with tuberculosis; one died. Rent unpaid for weeks owing to expenses of illness.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. A. (Singapore), £2; C. H. L., 5s.; "Badger," 2s.; C. B., 2s. 6d.; "Brixton Widow," 2s.; A. W. T., 5s.; J. B. (Glasgow), 10s.; J. A. R., 1s.; W. A. G., 2s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver [illegible]," 1s.; "Boys of the [illegible]," [illegible] 10d.; A. C. (Diegar), 10s. Mrs. M.A.P. (Manor Park), 1s.; E. A. H. (Eastbourne), 3s. 6d.; E. M. G. (Barnsley), 1s. 6d.; "One Serving in Ireland," 2s. 6d.; C. W. B. (Ash), 1s. 6d.; "Dinnerless Days," 2s. 6d.; "Theta," £2; D. McG. (Scarborough), 2s. 6d.; V. C. (Towcester), 2s.; C. W. (Ferndale), 10½d.; Anonymous, 10s.; J. T. H. (Wallasey), 2s.; "Aussie's Girl," £1; A. J. H. (Broomfield), 2s. 6d.; "The Stranger," [illegible]; "Tommy's Friend," 2s. "A Discharged Soldier" (Essex), £1; H. E. R. (Paraguay), £3; "Lest We Forget," £3; W. B., 6d.; "In Memory of John's and Dick's Birthdays," 5s.; "Fanny May," 5s.; Pte. L. R., 2s. 6d.; A. M. (Homerton), 2s. 6d.; C. A. L. (Mt. Ngauruhoe), 12th contribution, £2; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "A Disappointed Mother" (Blackpool), 1s.; Mrs. R. G., 3s.; A. M. (Romford), 1s.; J. R. C. (Portsmouth), 1s.; "Sailor," 2s. 6d.; Employees of Airships, Ltd., Barking, £1 10s.; Mrs. A. S. (Brighton), 2s.; "Lincoln Lass," 1s.; A. C. (Peckham), 1s.; "A Yorkshireman," 5s.; P. M., 4s.; Mrs. M. E. D. (Newark), 2s. 6d.; H. D., 10d.; Mrs. A. B. (Ipswich), 2s.; P. D. G., 5s.; "A Pensioner," [illegible] francs; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; I. M. (Romsey) 1s.; P. B. (Hanwell), 4s.; H. J. W., 6d.; "Tommy Atkins" (E. E. F.), 10s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 1s.; W. L., 10s.; Pte. Z. H., 2 francs; "A Well-wisher" (Tenterden), 10s.; "Laura," 10s.; M. L., J. K., 1s.; A. P. (Aberdeen), 4s.; A. [illegible] (Southsea), 1s.; Mrs. J. H. P. (S. Rhodesia), £2; "Sons of the Sea," 3s.; Gun-Dept., V.F.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), £1 10s.; E. M. B. (Canterbury), 10s.; H. M. P., 2s. 6d.; "An Aussie," 2s. 6d.; O. C. A. (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; L. T. D. (Witham), 1s. 6d.; J. H. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; "Dora" (Wick), 10s.; "Taxi Driver [illegible]," 1s.; G. W. W., 2s. 1d.; G. M., 1d.; B. [illegible] "Wanderer," 1s. 6d.; T. G. (San Francisco), 4s. 6d.; Mrs. P. W. B. (Sask.), 5 dollars. E. J. L., 3s.; G. T. (Braddenfield), 2s. 6d.; [illegible] H. P. (Oxford), 5s.; "Widowed," 5s.; T. W. S., 6d.; M. W. F. (Urmston), 2s. 6d.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; K. P., 2s. 6d.; "Naval Officer's Wife," 5s.; F. O. (Chelmsford), 5s.; "A Soldier's Mother," 2s.; J. H. (Hereford), 10s.; "Willemina," 10s.; E. D. P. (Southsea), 2s.; O. M. R. (Vancouver), 5s.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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"CONSTANT READER" (Idol Lane, E.C.)—"A lawyers' Government is the worst we can have." Don't blare that out in the Temple.

W. B. (Birmingham).—Not very polite of you to describe the forty-eighters as the "dregs of our country." What year did you kick off?

"CATHOLIC LAYMAN" (Charlton).—We are second to none in our admiration for the patriotism and bravery of individual Roman Catholics, but that is no reason why we should refrain from passing deserved strictures on Popery as a political force.

A. H. S. (Rainham) says he feels "heartily thankful for some of our buck-up articles." Well, why *should* we be downhearted?

Mrs. A. G. (London, S.E.).—Should not be surprised at anything Mrs. Despard said. *Nil Despardandum.*

"DORRYN" (Gludjdd) also claims it was his idea which was utilised for the Zeebrugge operations. Apparently it was the idea of about 50,000 people, but we haven't had time to count 'em.

"COSMO" (Brockley Road, S.E.).—"What is the national religion in Germany and Austria respectively?" Judging by their works, it is undiluted Devil Worship.

J. W. L. (London).—We do not and never have believed in the "No Indemnity" cry. We believe in making Huns and Hell pay as big an indemnity as peace can wring.

Mrs. C. (Edinburgh).—"Mr. Bottomley appears to be the only man who is not afraid to say what he thinks." Or to think what he says.

"NEMO" (Custom House).—"I beg of you, Sir, to get back to the House as early as possible." We won't even wait to shave.

F. C. (Southport).—May you appeal to us to influence the King's clemency towards Conchies, "suffering cruel hardships for conscience sake"? This is the wrong shop to come to.

"THE CHARLES RIDGE CASE."—Elsewhere we make further reference to this. We have received, in addition to the £4 11s. already announced, 10s. from A. N. P., 10s. 6d. from G. A. L., 7s. and a War Savings Certificate from Miss B., £2 from E. T. D., and smaller sums totalling £3 8s. 6d.—in all £11 7s.

"A FRIEND OF THE W.A.A.C.s" (Sheerness).—We agree that many of the restrictions on these girl-soldiers appear irksome and unnecessary, the Rules you mention being evidently a legacy from the late Mrs. Grundy.

"80 B." (Ealing).—"We think he really is a German; would you inform us how to find out?" Turn him up and examine his birth-marks.

MRS. B. (Stratford).—"Although I have lost my dear husband and have not a friend in the world, only my dear child, I still pray the war may end soon to unite other dear souls." Madam, we take off our hat to you.

"MENSTON" (Leeds).—Your Vicar was quite right; but some too old to fight are not young enough to dig.

"OLD SOLDIER" (Leith).—"When this fearful war is fought, And we exterminate the Hun, And keep the others on the run, Until that canine race is done." How dare anyone say the Scots have only one poet, and he's dead?

W. W. (Birkdale).—You appear to have no sympathy for half-starved horses, and therefore are a person with whom we desire no correspondence.

J. F. S. (Long Eaton).—"15 to 20 shell-fillers from Chilwell have been busy for over three weeks in getting Long Eaton Recreation Ground ready for sports, some of them just picking up matches." Work of national importance.

H. H. M. (Bradford).—Of the Rev. J. H Hardy, a chaplain from Bradford, killed at the front, an officer wrote: "He was a credit to the army, and died a hero's death." We can give no higher praise.

T. A. D. (W. Hampstead).—Surprising to hear a lady flag-seller for Church Army was turned out, by order, from the Y.M.C.A. canteen at Hendon. "Let sisterly love continue."

"ONE OF THE JURY."—If you will send us, in confidence, your name and address, your communication shall have our best attention.

S. M. (Itchingfield) AND OTHERS.—Have had several complaints about the Holeproof Clothing Company and shall have to pick a hole in their coats unless they buck up and go less slow.

F. H. (Coventry).—"Could you inform me if the National Supply Stores, Manchester, is a straightforward business?" We exposed the firm's methods on January 27th, 1917, and Judge Lush Wilson, at Plymouth, stigmatised them as "scandalous."

W. (King's Heath).—You mustn't ask saucy riddles, or we shall have to report you to Mr. Pemberton-Billing.

S. J. B. (Gravesend).—"Local Post Office. Time, last Saturday evening. *Enter lady:* 'Please give me 5s. worth of penny stamps before they go up in price.'" *And* the next, please?

"BUNNY BOY" (Edinburgh), a naval man, with two sisters in the Waacs, wants the address of J. S. (Islington), who libelled that corps, and promises him a bloody nose, "if he's as big as a house." Of course, we cannot give the address, but it is open for "J. S." to accept the invitation.

S. B. (Salisbury).—Doctors have not been spared, but chemists have escaped, though badly needed in the Army.

E. McC. (Brookland Hosp.).—"A train at 100 miles an hour, guard in rear van fires at engine-driver——" We never answer that old riddle, because it's so cruel to fire at the inoffensive engine-driver.

"BEACONSFIELD" (Bucks) reveals the name of a man who, she says, has been "taking soap pills, Epsom salts, and gin" to deceive the Army doctor. Quite a take in, as one might say.

"MIKE" (Dublin).—For goodness' sake, don't waste so much paper on us, Mike. It goes into the W.P.B.; you could use it to carry home your fish and chips.

A. G. (Bethnal Green) nurses the grievance that he had to lose 10s. 6d., a day's pay, for a compulsory holiday on the King's Birthday. "The King," says he, "don't keep up *my* birthday." Wait until A. G. distinguishes himself.

"VIOLET" (St. Helens).—Ladies have proved very successful in our "Bullets" Competition. Only a few weeks ago a First Prize of £500 was awarded to one of our fair competitors.

SERGEANT H. V. C. (Mesopotamia).—Thanks for thanking us. Stand yourself a sherbet.

SISTER D. E. (Rhyl).—Sorry you object to the costume of the Rhyl nurse-girls, but the poor dears must wear something, even in the hottest weather, otherwise all Rhyl would be stiff-necked with looking the other way.

J. J. C. (Queenstown).—The long and the short of your story is that your wife broke the law and was fined for doing so. Afraid nothing in that that we can "put in a nice piece about."

R. J. SWORD.—A man who writes a letter of abuse should first of all learn to spell. To be called a "Battle scarred Vetren (at the back of the Front)," and a "Philbuster," fills us with glee instead of annoyance.

"ONE OF THE READERS" (Bradford).—We are pleased the Waacs are pleased with our par. about them. We want to help the girls as well as the boys; they are all in our family.

D. W. (Epsom).—Alas, dear lady, Editors print what they think they will, and, were we to ask a brother Editor to leave something out, he would want to know what our game was.

"C.Q.M.S." (Newhaven).—You were at Fulham charged 8d. for a half-pint of bitter. Was it the landlord's birthday?

"MAPLE LEAF" (Can. Hosp., Eastbourne).—The fancy wool, "German made," is old stock. Germany has no wool to spare nowadays. Also, it's hard work to keep her wool on.

MRS. E. (Stratford).—"Some women at the laundry refused to iron linen for German prisoners." Good girls! Huns should wash and iron their own dirty linen—in public.

MRS. E. W. (N. Kens.).—"I thought you would like to know a strong, healthy woman, applying for work at Explosives Factory, Sudbury, was told she was too old at 42." That's one of the things we do *not* like to know.

J. R. R. (Maida Vale).—"I attempted this piece of blank verse and dedicated it to the head of the Hohenzollerns." Pity you couldn't throw it at the head of the Hohenzollerns—and hit him!

P. H. (Surrey).—"Kindly keep my name in the background." Certainly; we have already chided the office boy for whispering it.

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York) have had pleasure in sending £1 to the poor woman recently referred to in the paragraph entitled "Charity," and £1 to Mrs. Moore, whose case we dealt with under the heading of "Hounding Down the Poor." Thanks also for frequent donations to our own fund.

C. H. Y. (The Curragh).—You may take it that practically the whole daily Press of the country is in the hands of one or other of the official Parties, and that consequently any new movement is boycotted until public opinion becomes too strong.

M. J. P.—"Have you a few hours to spare to visit Colney Hatch Asylum?" If that's the best you can suggest for a half-holiday when we get one, you are not much of a pal.

E. E. (Kingston).—Why go to the expense of printing your verses on a card? We have seen better on a costermonger's fruit bag—when there were such things.

H. R. B. (Southsea).—"The Admiralty has withdrawn promised rise of 5s. weekly to temporary clerks (male) after six months' work." As such men are mostly discharged ex-service men it is a —— —— action. Fill in blanks to choice.

J. S. (Portsmouth).—"May I call your attention to the way fried fish is served at Buckland?" Not with silver forks and serviettes, we wager.

E. E. M. (Winchester).—The increased cost of bacon is explained by the fact that the present supply has to be brought from America and not, as in the old days, from Ireland and the Continent.

"PLATOON" (R. S. Regiment, Lahore) has had a revelation that "The hoarder may now purge his sin, And at the strait gate enter in." The strait gate of the nearest gaol, if we had the direction of his destination.

"LEYTONSTONE."—Can't make out why you send your pay-ticket to us in a registered envelope. We can't draw the money, can we?

W. R. (Liverpool).—"By employing the man-power of all the Allies, the war could be brought to an end this year." You've got a winner.

W. B. (Ashton-on-Mersey).—Glad our paragraph had the desired effect. That's the best of writing to a decent paper. It touches the spot.

"A READER" (Camberwell).—Sorry to hear it; but you must not accuse English women in general of "unpatriotism" or we shall have to be cross with you.

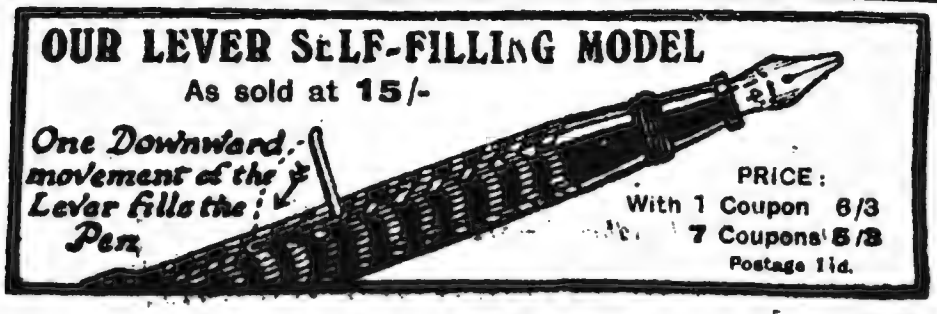
"A CONSTANT READER" (Windsor).—Send our Pen Department a note of your address and they will furnish you with a price list for repairing your JOHN BULL pen.

"TIN RIMS" (Sutton).—It is, to our mind, nothing short of an outrage that postcards "Printed in Germany" should be offered at a "Fête in aid of Surrey Red Cross Hospital."

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

OUR LEVER SELF-FILLING MODEL

As sold at **15/-**



PRICE:
With 1 Coupon 6/3
7 Coupons 5/3
Postage 1½d.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 5s. and 1½d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1½d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (June 29th, 1918.)

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

COMPANY MEETINGS.

EBBW VALE STEEL, IRON & COAL CO.

INCREASE OF CAPITAL AGREED TO.

The fifty-first ordinary general meeting of the Ebbw Vale Steel, Iron and Coal Co., Ltd., was held on the 19th inst. at Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Col. Sir Chas. Allen, V.D., chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said:—In rising to move the adoption of the report circulated amongst the shareholders for this meeting, I presume it is your wish that we may take it as read.

You will see from the report in your hands and in the notices which have been sent out with that report that we have obtained the sanction of the Treasury for an increase of our capital and debentures to a total nominal amount of £2,000,000, of which £600,000 will be debentures, £800,000 preference shares, and £600,000 ordinary shares.

The chairman, in conclusion, said we must reflect for a moment upon the perilous position of the iron and steel trade in this country prior to the outbreak of war. The unscrupulous dumping process of the Germans had nearly succeeded in driving our ordinary steel trade on the rocks of ruination. Thank goodness this incubus is being effectually removed, with no chance of it ever appearing again. It therefore becomes more than ever a question of national and vital importance to make up for lost time by encouraging the production of home industries. I wish now particularly to emphasise the fact that we shall be the first establishment in South Wales producing steel entirely independently of foreign imports of raw materials.

The resolution for the adoption of the report was unanimously carried, and at an extraordinary general meeting the necessary resolutions embodying the increase in capital from £1,600,000 to £3,700,000 were carried.

A cordial vote of thanks to the chairman terminated the proceedings.

CHANNEL TUNNEL, LTD.

Presiding on the 17th inst. at the ordinary general meeting of the members, Baron Emile Beaumont d'Erlander, the chairman, said: The bull-dog tenacity of the British nation pulled it through the seventeen years' struggle of the last century, and carried it to ultimate victory. We will again achieve the same result, and in a lesser time. No more striking example of British bull-dog tenacity in civil life has been given than by that small group of men who, for some fifty years, have made the construction of the Channel tunnel their battle-cry, and who have succeeded in enlisting the majority of the nation under their banner.—The report and accounts were adopted.

The Hon. Sir Arthur Lawley, G.C.S.I., presided on the 20th inst. at the meeting of Forestal Land, Timber and Railways Company. He called attention to the fact that the reserve funds stood at £1,362,924 altogether. Cash resources totalled £1,271,506, and he thought their financial position had never been stronger.

1D. "British as a 'Bradbury,' —and as reliable." 1D.

The National News

THE ONLY PENNY SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

is now entirely controlled by Odhams Limited, the publishers of so many patriotic journals, including

JOHN BULL

It is as superior to other Sunday Newspapers as "John Bull" is to other journals.

Though better than any, It's only a penny!

Demand is great. Owing to the new paper restrictions order, the only way to be sure of securing your copy is to fill up this coupon and hand it to your newsagent.

DON'T FORGET—DO IT NOW!

If you would like a specimen copy, write the Publishers,

"National News," 92, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Please reserve a copy of "The National News" for me every Sunday.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

It's now owned by ODHAMS, therefore *"British as a 'Bradbury'—and as Reliable."*

"THE NATIONAL NEWS."—Latest news and British views. Sunday—One Penny.

2ND Prize £20 — "Bullets" — 1ST Prize — 3RD Prize £10

5 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £1	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	£200	200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE, or FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—TAKING IT EASY. Bullet:—NOT MANY AT PRESENT. Example:—MY DARLING. Bullet:—DEAR TO ME. Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 20th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated June 29th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 291

THE AUSTRIANS	UP IN THE AIR	MORE TO COME	THE AMERICAN NAVY
NOSEY PARKER	TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND	ENEMY BANKS	THE PROMISED LAND
GETTING WEAKER	SLOW BUT SURE	NOBODY'S BUSINESS	IN HOT WATER
TRICKY SUBJECT	WEARY WILLIE	GOING TOO FAR	FAMILY TIES
A FAIR CAUTION	TAKING IT EASY	SAFE CROSSING	NOT GOOD ENOUGH
NOTHING ON	ONCE TOO OFTEN	GOOD SPIRITS	A RAPID FALL
MADE IN GERMANY	HIGH TIME	HUNS AT LARGE	MY DARLING
TOMMY'S FUTURE	TAKES SOME BEATING	A FARMER'S BOY	THE KAISER'S HOPEFUL

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 4th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(291) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupon is used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No._____ Closing Date, Thursday, July 6th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(291) P.O. No._____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If a coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 291. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 292.

GERMAN CRAFT	AFTER ALL	A BAD MEMORY	OUR ARMY
MAKES WIFE CURIOUS	FOLLOWING FORM	RAGS AND TATTERS	TOP HOLE
HELPING THE ENEMY	HARDLY USED	OVERDRESSED	MUCH IN LITTLE
FULL UP	FIT FOR NOTHING	POOR PAY	IN A TOTTERING STATE
FAT JOB	A LONG FLIGHT	NO TROUBLE	THE KAISER'S HONOUR

These examples can be made use of on the coupons above, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JULY 11th.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **292** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" **No. 292,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two examples for Competition **291.**

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and origin lit. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be lodged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 288 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal."
Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Result of 288th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200:

Mrs. A. GRAY,
21, Morgan Street, Dundee.

Example:—FEELING THE PINCH.
Bullet:—WORKING FOR "OLD SCREW."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. S. PHILIP,
2, Kilnbarn Terrace, Newport-on-Tay.

Example:—THANKS TO BOTTOMLEY.
Bullet:—WE HAVE "SOME" PAPER.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. W. ATKINS,
51, Vincent Street, St. Helens.

Example:—THE CROWN PRINCE.
Bullet:—"RE-ENGAGED AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mr. T. STEVENS, 111, Upper Clapton Rd., Clapton, N.E.:
AT THE WAR OFFICE—BRAINS GET "SAT ON."

Mr. F. HAMMOND, 21, Old Oak Road, Acton Vale, London, W.:
SEAT OF TROUBLE—CHAIRMAN'S—EXPLAINING NO DIVIDENDS.

Mr. C. R. DEVENISH, 1, The Broadway, Thorpe Bay, Southend:
SAVING THE SITUATION—"FOR ALL" TOMMY'S WORTH.

Mr. R. MARSHALL, Staff G.P.O., Cranbrook:
THE CROWN PRINCE—"DOG TIRED" OF WAR.

Miss MABEL SMITH, 77, Aylmer Rd., Stamford Brook, W.:
THANKS TO BOTTOMLEY—TOMMY'S "NOT FORGOTTEN."

Mr. A. MATHEW, W. Doura Place, Kilwinning, N.B.:
AT THE WAR OFFICE—"ANY OLD THING" DOES.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. J. GIBSON, 118, Heald Grve., Rusholme, Manchester:
FEELING THE PINCH—GERMANS STILL "CONTINUE."

Sapper G. HAMMERSLEY, Royal Engineers, Sandwich, Kent:
BEST FORGOTTEN—CONCHIES—THEY'VE FORGOTTEN US.

Mr. A. NEWALL, 253, Second Street, Trafford Park, Manchester:
RIGHT BEHIND—IRELAND—YOU'LL FIND GERMANY.

Mr. J. H. COOKSON, 7, Ghyll Side, Kendal:
THANKS TO BOTTOMLEY—OUR DEFENDERS ARE DEFENDED.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

St.-Sergt. T. BONNER, D.L.I., Frinton-on-Sea, Essex:
ON THE SHRINK—NEXT "PUSH"—BIG "SPLASH."

Mrs. L. B. BINGHAM, 147, Westmount Road, Eltham:
A BAD LAD—"SPINS" BUT TOILS NOT.

Mr. H. SALISBURY, 1, Lawton Rd., Waterloo, Liverpool:
BEST FORGOTTEN—IRISH "PASSAGES OF ARMS."

Mrs. J. J. CLARK, 141, Tower Gdns. Rd., Tottenham, N.:
ACROSS THE RHINE—"FLING BACK". GERMANY'S CHALLENGE.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. E. CRISPIN, 10, Garnet Street, Lancaster:
THE OLD GAME—BEGAN "DON'T HUMILIATE GERMANY."

L.-Cpl. W. GRANT, "Ashgrove," Abernant Road, Aberdare, Glam.:
REVUE DRESSES—MUSN'T BE TOO "SEVERE."

Mr. H. MCCABE, 96, Seaforth Rd., Seaforth, Liverpool:
AT THE WAR OFFICE—CAN'T TEACH THEM ANYTHING.

Cpl. S. T. J. Howell, R.A.F., Plymouth:
AT THE WAR OFFICE—"ENGAGING" SMILES "DECLINING" BRAINS.

Mr. J. R. ROEBUCK, Halton Bank School, Pendleton, Manchester:
BEST FORGOTTEN—SELDOM—ON DONINGTON MENUS.

Mrs. M. A. CASSON, 25, Winckley Square, Preston:
RAPID CHANGE—BOSS ANSWERED TELEPHONE.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against **ZEPPELIN** and all other **AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION,** or **BLOCKADE.**

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but necessitating the injured person following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To.....Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

June 29th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 3, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
THE INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

I.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
Mr. Mrs. or Miss

House address.....

June 29th, 1918.....

Enclose 1d. stamp when address of receipt of coupon is required.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a representative body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gotto, O.B.E.

No. 7.—TYPICAL CASES.

"A" *says he has "only a slight touch of it," and does not worry.*

If the disease is not treated at once, it may spread and bring most dangerous results.

"B" *has "had it a good while and tried different kinds of stuff without getting well."*

"B" should immediately consult a doctor. Self-drugging is almost always useless, and frequently dangerous.

"C" *says, "after all, the risk of catching venereal diseases is very small."*

No. There are about 140,000 *fresh* cases every year. The recent Royal Commission found that in large cities one person in ten of the whole population is or has been infected with syphilis.

"D" *waited to see "if it got any worse" before he went to the doctor.*

This is to risk being broken for life. If the Diseases are treated early, they can almost certainly be cured; if they are neglected, the gravest results may ensue.

There is one thing—and one thing only—to be done by anyone who is infected, who suspects infection or who has taken a risk of infection—*it is to go to the doctor or hospital at once.* It is no use saying, "I am tied to business"—Business must wait. It is no use saying, "I am afraid to go." There is no reason to be afraid to go; there is every reason to be afraid if one does *not* go.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. Apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear shortly in this paper.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Medical Secretary, N. C. V. D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

The 24 Hour-a-day Watch.

This watch shows you the correct time in the dark as clearly as in the light. Real radium in the substance on the hands and figures does it, and the luminosity is guaranteed for the life of the watch. Ingersoll Radiolites glow in the dark like the filament in an electric bulb, and prove the usefulness of these day-and-night watches.

Ingersoll Radiolites

The time, accuracy, and reliability of the movement is assured by the guarantee that has safeguarded the buyers of 50 million Ingersoll Watches.

THERE IS AN INGERSOLL MODEL FOR EVERYONE from 60/- down to 12/6.

Sold by thousands of shopkeepers throughout the Kingdom; but if your dealer cannot supply you, any Ingersoll model will be sent post free upon receipt of price.

There is NO RADIOLITE but AN INGERSOLL RADIOLITE.

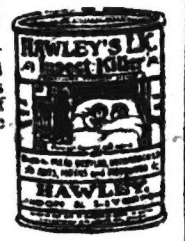
Handsome Illustd. Catalogue sent post free.

Ingersoll Watch Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 353) 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Ingersoll Radiolite.
A Reliable Watch for General Wear.

I.K. kills outright!

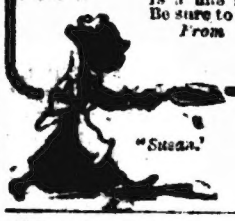
—not merely rolls Mr. Beetle and his followers over until they get their breath. Hawley's I.K. should be freely used this summer to prevent these obnoxious disease-carrying insect pests entering your home, but if they *should* enter, I.K. will do its duty and soon have them "turned down."



HAWLEY'S **I.K.** Insect Killer.

Is a fine sweet-smelling powder put up in handy sprinkler tins. Be sure to ask for Hawley's I.K., and see you get it—shun others

From Chemists, Stores, etc., everywhere. Manufactured by
Evans Sons Lescher & Webb, Ltd.
Liverpool New York London



Send a tin to your Soldier Friend.
Hawley's I.K. should be freely used by all workers in busy industrial centres, and by soldiers in training. It prevents the spread of disease where large numbers of persons are concentrated.

Spinet

Soothing as an Old time Melody

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia Cork tipped Ovals

1¼ for 20 Also in Boxes of 50 & 100

Spinet MIXTURE 1oz. 2/2 Pkt

R. & J. HILL LTD LONDON.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns post free of Suits, Costumes, Coat Frocks, Robes, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Gramophones and Records, Lino, Carpets, Frams, Folding Cots, Cycles, Trees, Tea and Dinner Services, Bedsteads and Bedding, Sewing Machines, Poultry Appliances, etc.

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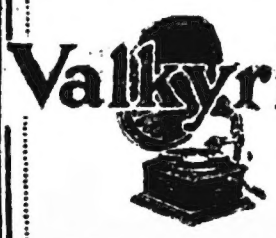

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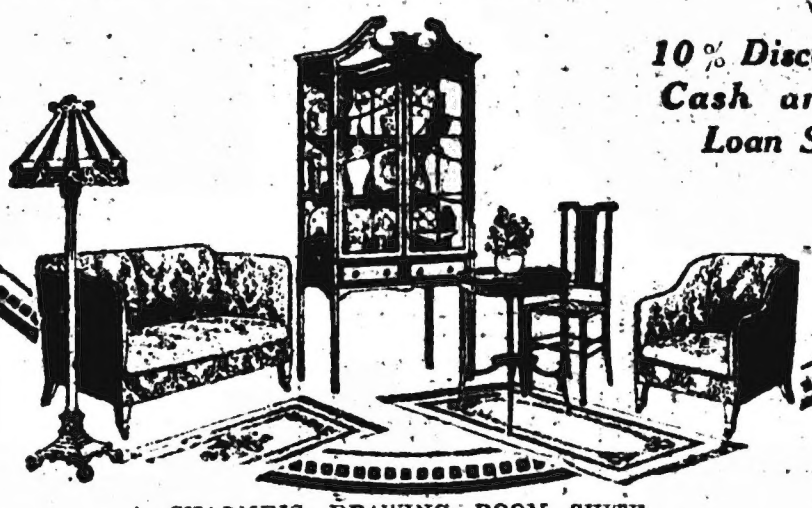

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